

CRIME

THE LAW
ALWAYS WINS!

LN

SMASHERS

10¢ OCT. No. 1

HAVE A TASTE OF
KNUCKLE TONIC, DOC,
AND SEE HOW YOU
LIKE IT!

WHAM!

THANK HEAVENS! YOU GOT
HERE JUST IN TIME!



CRIME CAN'T PAY — IN ANY WAY!

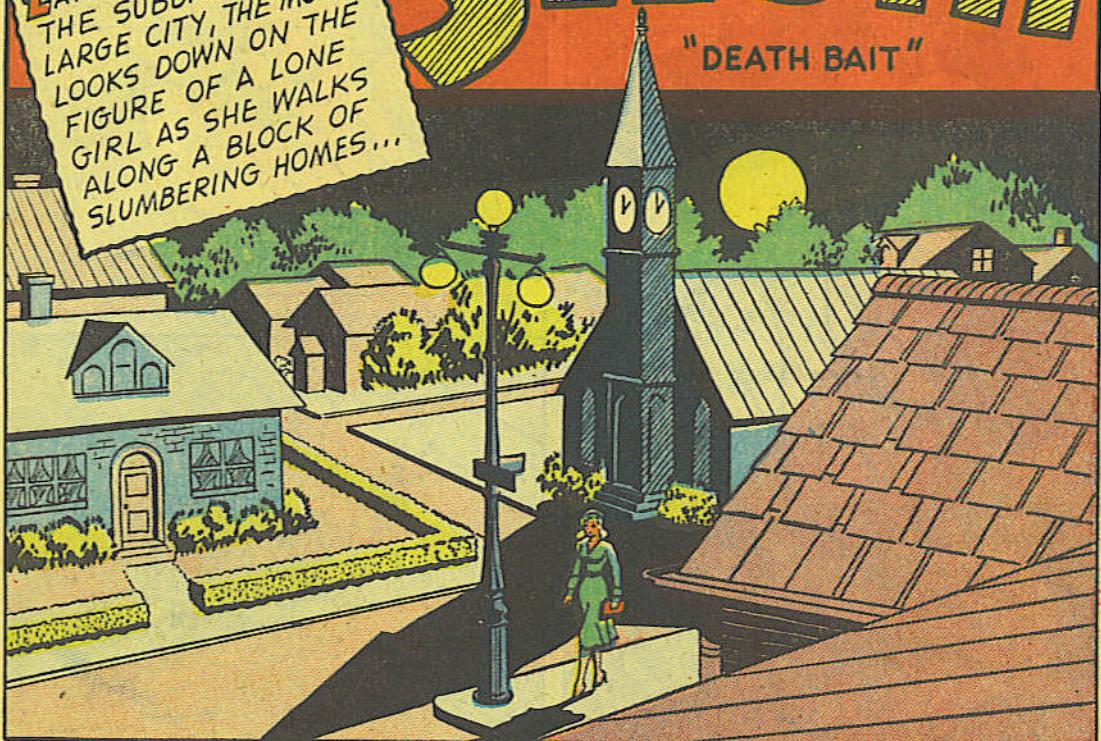
WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



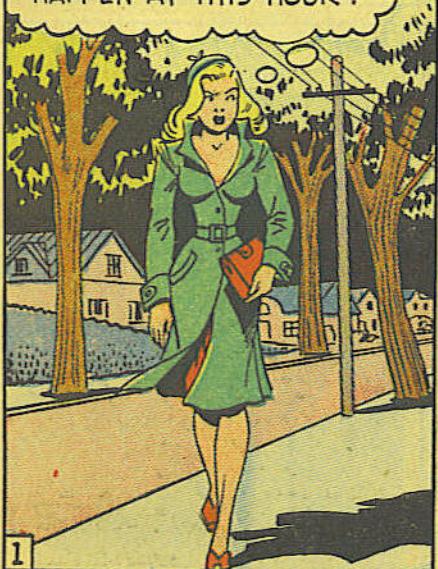
SALLY the SLEUTH

LATE ONE NIGHT, IN THE SUBURBS OF A LARGE CITY, THE MOON LOOKS DOWN ON THE FIGURE OF A LONE GIRL AS SHE WALKS ALONG A BLOCK OF SLUMBERING HOMES...

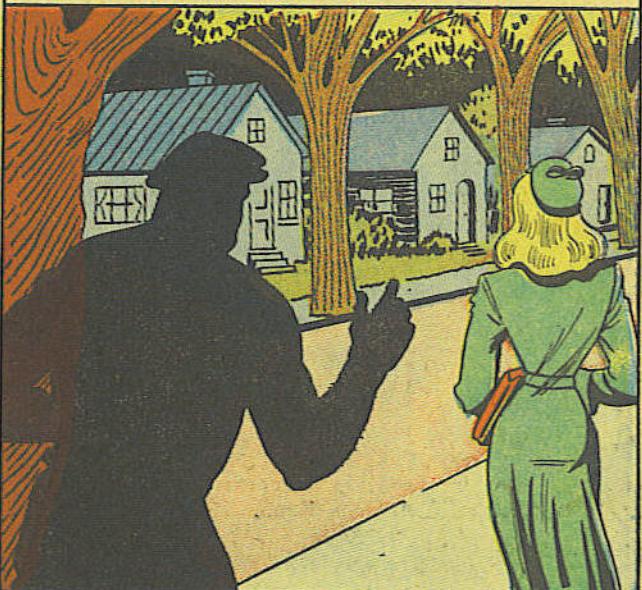
"DEATH BAIT"



GOSH, IT'S DESERTED AROUND HERE -- ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN AT THIS HOUR!



PRESENTLY, AN OMINOUS FIGURE DETACHES ITSELF FROM THE SHADOWS...



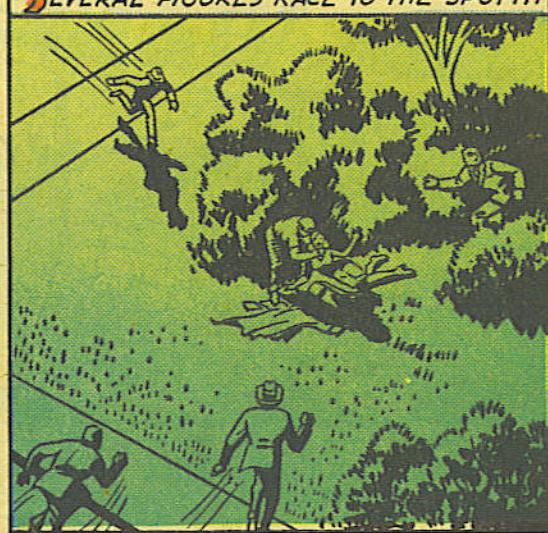
QUICKLY, THE ATTACKER STIFLES
THE GIRL'S SCREAMS AND ...



... DRAGS HER INTO THE GLOOM ...



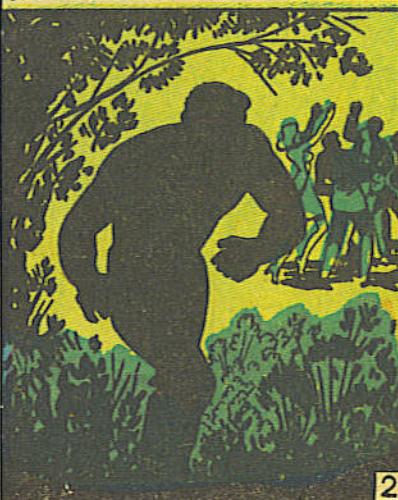
SEVERAL FIGURES RACE TO THE SPOT ...



... AND CLOSE IN ON THE STRUGGLING COUPLE ...



IN THE MELEE, A FUGITIVE
SLINKS INTO THE BUSHES ...



THE DETECTIVES REALIZE THAT THEIR QUARRY HAS ELUDED THEM...

NO USE, BOYS.
HE GOT AWAY.

TOO BAD, CHIEF.
THAT'S THE GUY
WE WANTED SO
MUCH TO CATCH.



YOU WERE A GOOD DECOY, SALLY.
WE CAN'T LET UP NOW, AFTER THREE
GIRLS HAVE BEEN ATTACKED AND
MURDERED IN THE PAST MONTH.



THE MAN DIDN'T
RECOGNIZE ME
IN THE DARK.

THAT'S LIKELY. YOU
CAN STILL TRY TO
LURE THAT BEAST
INTO OUR HANDS.



WELL, WE MAY
AS WELL GO HOME.
THE KILLER IS
SCARED OFF FOR
A WHILE.

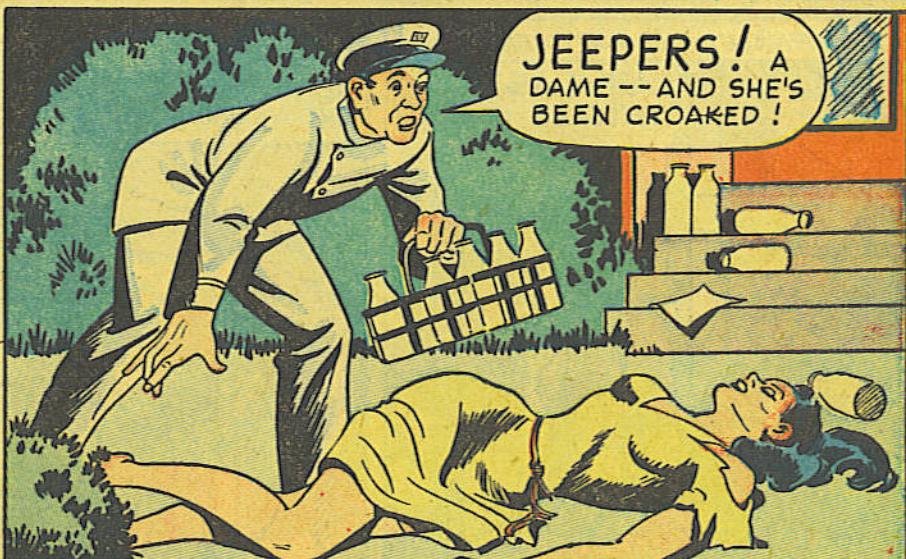
OKAY, CHIEF.
I NEED SOME
BEAUTY SLEEP.



BUT -
ONLY A
WEEK
LATER,
HORROR
STRIKES
AGAIN IN
ANOTHER
PART OF
TOWN -
AS, ONE
MORNING,
A MILKMAN
FINDS...



JEEPERS! A
DAME -- AND SHE'S
BEEN CROAKED!



IN THE CHIEF'S OFFICE...

THE FATHER OF ONE OF THOSE MURDERED GIRLS HIRED US TO TRAP HER KILLER. THE ASSASSIN'S TOLL IS NOW FOUR - WE MUST GET BUSY.

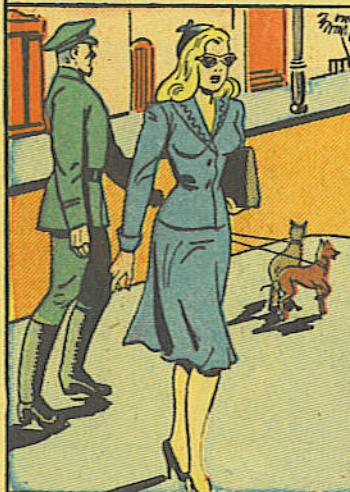
CHIEF,
I HAVE
A HUNCH.
LET ME
WORK ON
IT FOR A
FEW DAYS.

I HAVE SOMETHING DEFINITE IN MIND. I'LL RUN IT DOWN, JUST GIVE ME A CHANCE. I BET I'LL LEAD YOU TO THE STRANGLER.

OKAY,
SALLY,
I'LL KEEP
BEHIND
YOU.



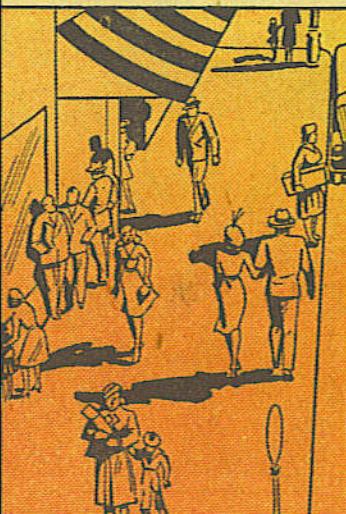
SALLY HAUNTS THE RICH SECTION OF TOWN...



...AS WELL AS THE POORER DISTRICT...



AND THE BUSINESS AREA...



...AND FINALLY THE WATERFRONT...



SHE IS ACCOSTED...

HELLO, BABE, YOU LIVE AROUND HERE?

SURE, I WORK NIGHTS, I OFTEN TAKE A WALK WHEN I GET T'ROUGH.



SALLY SECRETLY CONFERS WITH THE CHIEF...

I KNOW IT, CHIEF.
HE'S THE GUY
WHO GRABBED ME
THAT NIGHT!

ALL RIGHT, SALLY,
BUT WE'VE GOT
TO GET THE
GOODS ON HIM.
MEET HIM TONIGHT
AND WE'LL BE
SPOTTED ALL
AROUND.

LATE THAT NIGHT, SALLY IS BACK NEAR THE WATERFRONT...

HELLO, KID. AIN'T
YOU GOT NO BOY
FRIEND - OR
BRUDDERS?

NO - I'M ALL
ALONE IN THE
WOILD - JUST A
LONELY WOINKING
GOIL!

LET'S TAKE A
WALK OUT ON
DE DOCK -

OKAY, HANDSOME!

AIN'T DE
MOON
BEAUTIFUL?

SURE-

OH BOY! WHAT
A PLACE FOR
A MURDER -
I SURE HOPE
THE CHIEF'S
AROUND!

SALLY STANDS PETRIFIED AS SHE SEES A HAND OMINOUSLY RISING...



AI-EEEK!!



THE SOUND OF RUNNING FEET
INTERRUPTS THE STRANGLER ...

HUH?

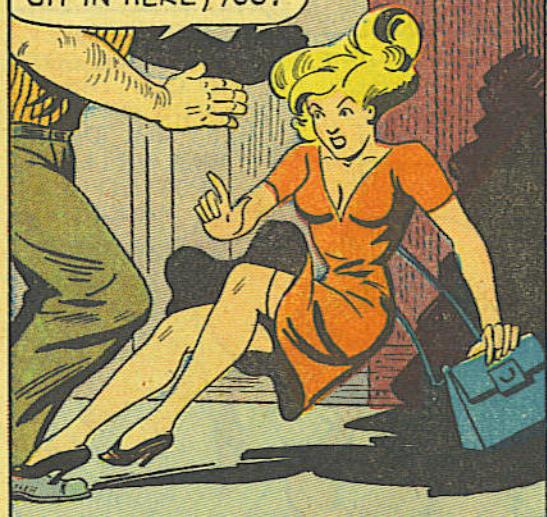


I'LL KILL YOU JUST LIKE I DID THE
OTHERS - THEN I'LL CRAWL DOWN THE
TRAP DOOR AND GET AWAY UNDER
THE DOCK - HA! HA!

YOU - YOU'RE
A MANIAC!



GIT IN HERE, YOU!



MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE...

WE CAN'T SHOOT, BOYS, - MIGHT HIT
SALLY, BREAK THAT DOOR DOWN!



INSIDE, SALLY REACHES IN HER BAG...

HEY - WHAT YOU
GOT IN THERE?



J-JUST A
LIPSTICK -

HA! HA! - HO! HO!
SHE'S GOIN' TO PRETTY HER
FACE UP BEFORE I KILL
HER - HAW! HAW!

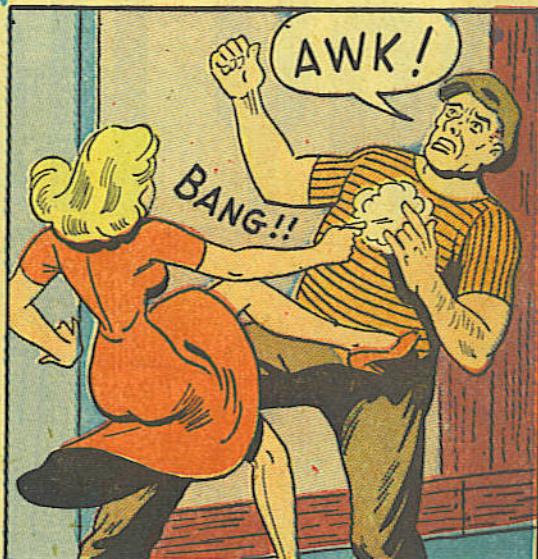


NOW I'LL GET MY
HANDS ON YOUR
WHITE NECK -

STAY AWAY FROM
ME, YOU BEAST!



AWK!
BANG!!



SALLY! ARE
YOU ALL RIGHT?

YES, CHIEF, THANKS
TO MY SINGLE SHOT
LIPSTICK REVOLVER.



HE'S THE HOMICIDAL MANIAC, ALL RIGHT.
HIS FINGERPRINTS WILL CHECK WITH
THOSE THE HOMICIDE
BUREAU HAS FROM
THE GIRLS' BODIES,

BUT HOW DID
YOU TAG HIM
AS THE RIGHT
GUY FROM THE
FIRST?



THAT WAS EASY, CHIEF.
THE CLOTHES OF THE
GUY WHO GRABBED ME
THAT NIGHT HAD A
PECULIAR SMELL. I
FINALLY IDENTIFIED
IT AS THE SAME AS
ROPE USED ON SHIPS,
SO I KNEW I'D FIND
HIM ON THE WATER-
FRONT. TAGGING THE
EXACT GUY WAS EASY,
TOO, FOR HIS BREATH
REEKED OF BAY RUM.
HE MUST DRINK THE
STUFF, AS SOME NUTS
DO . . . AND THE REST
YOU KNOW -

YOU DID A SWELL JOB, SALLY.
WE'RE ALL PROUD OF YOU!

RAY HALE

NEWS ACE

ONE DAY, HALE AND MYRA STAHL, A "SOB-SISTER" ON THE "CLARION" ARE CALLED IN ON AN IMPORTANT ASSIGNMENT BY THE MANAGING EDITOR OF THE PAPER ...

"DOPE TRAIL"

by Douglas March

"DOC" FRANTZ, A BARRED MEDICO, IS SUSPECTED OF BEING THE LINK HERE FOR A GANG THAT IMPORTS DOPE. I'D LIKE TO BREAK THE CASE BEFORE THE COPS.

CAN'T HE BE RAIDED?

HE HAS AN ALMOST IMPREGNABLE HOUSE BUILT ON THE ROCKS AT THE SHORE. HE MUST GET THE DOPE FROM SHIPS, BUT NO SMALL BOATS HAVE BEEN SEEN COMING IN. IT'S UP TO YOU TWO TO GET INTO THE HOUSE SOMEHOW AND FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON

HOW'LL WE GET IN?



I HAVE THAT ALL FIGURED OUT. COME ON DOWN TO THE GARAGE.

BATER...

THAT'S FINE, JIM, IT LOOKS LIKE A WRECKED JALOPY BUT THE ENGINE IS INTACT.

I'M SO GLAD I'M ON THIS ASSIGNMENT WITH YOU.



MY PLAN IS ALL SET.
ALL THAT'S LEFT IS
TO GIVE YOU A GOOD
PUNCH IN THE JAW.

WHY, WHAT
HAVE I
DONE, RAY?



NOTHING, TOOTS. ONLY, FRANTZ IS A
DOCTOR AND WHEN WE FAKE A
WRECK, YOU COULD NEVER FOOL HIM
WITH A PRETENDED FAINT.

OKAY - YOU'RE
THE BOSS.

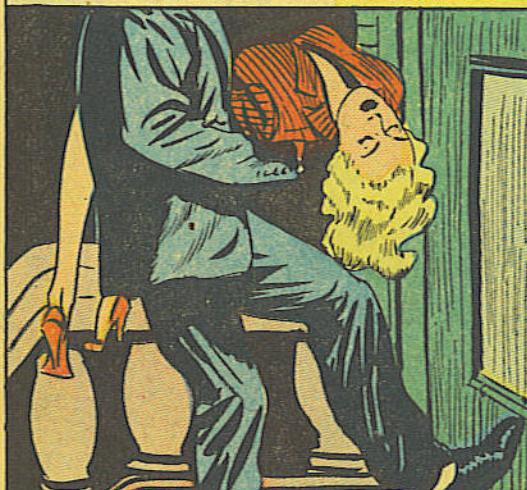


THAT NIGHT, HALE DRIVES THE
BATTERED CAR INTO A DITCH
CLOSE TO FRANTZ'S HOUSE...



SORRY I HAVE TO
DO THIS, BABY.

CARRYING MYRA, HE KICKS ON THE
DOOR TO ATTRACT ATTENTION...



TO HIS SURPRISE IT IS OPENED
BY A GIRL...



I HAD A
WRECK! I -

GO AWAY! PLEASE
GO AWAY QUICKLY!!

THEN FRANTZ HIMSELF APPEARS...

BUT THIS LADY
IS HURT IN
THE ACCIDENT -

COME RIGHT IN -



I'M A PHYSICIAN, GO WITH JANE AND GET SOME AMMONIA AND COLD COM-
PRESSSES FROM THE KITCHEN. I'LL
TAKE CARE OF THIS YOUNG LADY.



WHEN THEY GET TO THE KITCHEN...

SSH! GET OUT QUICK!
I'LL SHOW YOU THE WAY.

WHY?



FRANTZ KNOWS WHO YOU
ARE. HE'S PLANNING TO
KILL YOU!

WHAT!



JANE PRODUCES A GUN...

CAN'T YOU SEE I'M TRYING TO SAVE
YOUR LIFE? GET OUT AT ONCE!



I'LL JUST TAKE THAT
GUN, YOUNG LADY -



-AND TIE YOU UP, THERE ARE A FEW THINGS HERE I'D LIKE TO FIND OUT BEFORE I GO.



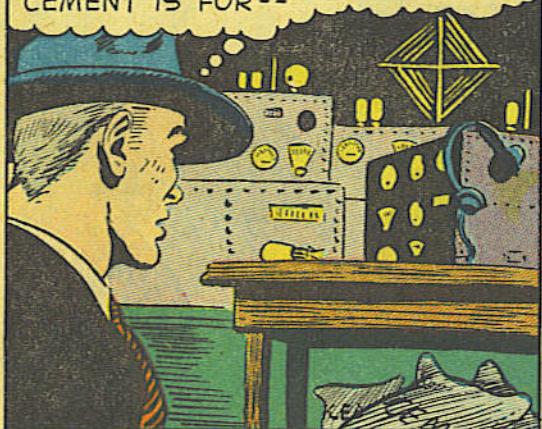
CATCH ME FIRST!

THIS GUN ISN'T EVEN LOADED, SHE'S DOING EVERYTHING SHE CAN TO GET ME OUT OF THIS HOUSE, BUT SHE WON'T SUCCEED,



HALE ENTERS A ROOM CARVED OUT OF THE ROCKY PRECIPICE ...

HMM - A DIRECTIONAL BEAM TRANSMITTER, WONDER WHAT ALL THAT CEMENT IS FOR --



... AND ON A TABLE NEARBY ...

SAY - ! THIS IS INTERESTING! TOY PLANES OF BALSA WOOD AND MINIATURE GAS ENGINES - !



NOW THAT YOU'VE MADE YOUR INSPECTION, PUT YOUR HANDS UP!



I'LL JUST BIND YOU UNTIL I FIND THAT BLASTED GIRL, JANE.

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, FRANTZ!



AFTER FRANTZ HAS LEFT THE ROOM,
A CREAKING BOARD MOVES INWARD
NEAR THE FEET OF THE PRISONER...



... AND JANE RE-APPEARS ...

SHH!



THE GIRL WHO CAME WITH YOU
WON'T BE HURT. IT'S YOU HE'S
AFTER. NOW PLEASE GO!



ARE YOU
IN LOVE
WITH
FRANTZ?
NO! I HATE HIM! HE'S
A CRIMINAL AND HE'S
ALSO MAD - MAD !!



MY BROTHER BUILT THIS HOUSE, THEN
HE MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED AND
THE DOCTOR GOT THE HOUSE THROUGH
LEGAL TRICKERY. I ALWAYS SUSPECTED
FRANTZ OF KILLING MY BROTHER.



I MET FRANTZ AND PLAYED UP TO HIM.
HE ASKED ME TO COME HERE AND
WORK FOR HIM. I DID AND I'LL YET
FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO MY
BROTHER.



I'VE BEEN LISTENING,
VERY INTERESTING!

OH!

PLENTY OF ROOM FOR TWO MORE
CRYPTS IN THE ROCK, THEY'LL NEVER
FIND YOUR CORPSES.

DESPERATELY JANE TRIES HER
FEMININE WILES ON FRANTZ . . .

DARLING - YOU WOULDN'T KILL ME!
AFTER ALL WE -

GET AWAY
FROM ME!

HALE MAKES A FLYING
JUMP FOR FRANTZ AS
THE GUN BARKS . . .

THE
MAD
DOCTOR'S
AIM IS
SPOILED

BUT
JUST
THEN,
ANOTHER
SHOT
SOUNDS
FROM
THE
DOORWAY

HALE WRENCHES
THE WEAPON
FROM MYRA'S
GRASP...



I KNEW THERE WAS A LEAK IN THIS CASE SOMEWHERE. FRANTZ WAS ALWAYS TIPPED OFF WHEN THE "CLARION" GOT INTERESTED IN HIS ACTIVITIES.



YOU'RE FRANTZ'S REAL GIRL FRIEND! YOU TOLD HIM ABOUT OUR PLAN AND HE WAS ALL SET TO BUMP OFF BOTH JANE AND ME TONIGHT. HE HAD THE CEMENT READY TO WALL US UP.

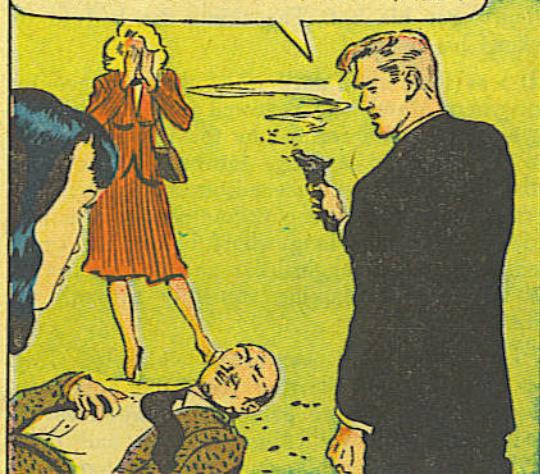


GRANTZ, REVIVING, RECOVERS HIS GUN AND AIM'S AT HALE...

LOOK OUT!



THAT TAKES CARE OF HIM! I'M SURE WE'LL FIND YOUR BROTHER'S BODY PLASTERED UP IN THAT WALL.



MEANWHILE, I'LL KEEP THIS DOUBLE-CROSSING DAME COVERED. YOU GO PHONE MY PAPER, JANE.



LATER, AT THE "CLARION" OFFICE...

THE GUY WAS BRILLIANT, BOSS. HE'D FLY THE LITTLE PLANES OUT TO THE BOATS AND BRING THEM BACK LOADED WITH DOPE, ALL CONTROLLED BY RADIO.



GOOD WORK, HALE. WE GIVE YOU ALL THE CREDIT.

NOW THAT MYRA IS IN THE CLINK WE HAVE A VACANCY ON THE PAPER. WANT TO BE A NEWSPAPER-WOMAN?

YES, - I'D LOVE TO WORK WITH RAY HALE ON ANY STORY.



READ RAY HALE IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

DAN TURNER

HOLLYWOOD DETECTIVE

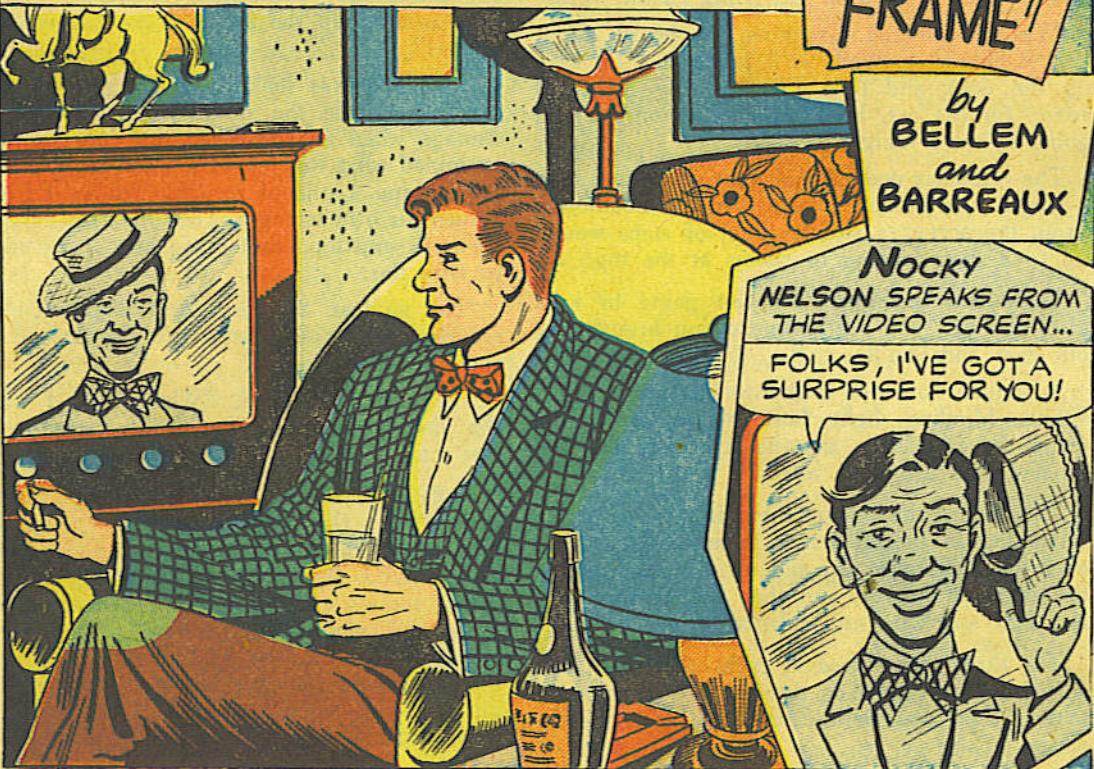
DAN TURNER KILLS AN EVENING IN HIS BACHELOR APARTMENT STASH BY WATCHING COMEDIAN NOCKY NELSON'S TELEVISION SHOW---

IM
"TELEVISED FRAME"

by
BELLEM
and
BARREAUX

NOCKY
NELSON SPEAKS FROM
THE VIDEO SCREEN...

FOLKS, I'VE GOT A
SURPRISE FOR YOU!



HERE IN OUR STUDIO AUDIENCE I SEE SOMEBODY SO GORGEOUS SHE CAN'T BE ANYONE BUT LANA LANE, LOVELY STAR OF CORONA PICTURES!

MISS LANE, WON'T YOU COME UP AND LET OUR VAST VIDEO AUDIENCE SEE HOW BEAUTIFUL YOU LOOK THIS EVENING?

WE-E-ELL, AH, THANK IF YOU YOU, LANA INSIST! LANE! NOW SMILE PRETTY FOR THE PEOPLE AND SAY SOMETHING CLEVER!

I HAVE SOMETHING
HERE THAT WILL TALK
FOR ME!

HUH?

SEE WHAT
I MEAN,
YOU HEEL?

HEY!
DROP
THAT
GUN!!

CRIPES, THAT LOOKS
TOO REAL TO BE
PLAY-ACTING!

DIE, YOU
DIRTY
CREEP!

AGHH!

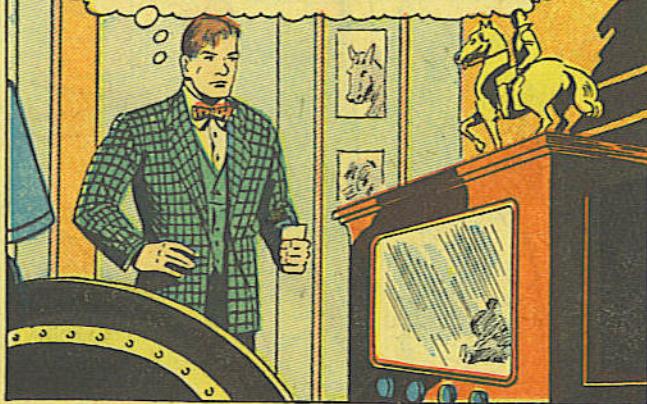
IN THE TELEVISION STUDIO...

GOOD LORD...
NOCKY NELSON
IS D-DEAD!!

THERE GOES LANA
LANE! SOMEBODY
STOP HER!!!

IN HIS APARTMENT, DAN TURNER WATCHES THE TELEVISION SCREEN...

JEEPERS! IT WAS A GENUINE BUMP-OFF! THEY'RE SO EXCITED THEY FORGOT TO CUT THE BROADCAST!



TOO LATE! SHE KILLED NOCKY NELSON, AND NOW SHE'S MADE A GETAWAY!



SUDDENLY TURNER IS STARTLED BY A DOOR SLAMMING ACROSS THE HALL, FROM HIS FLAT...

WHAT THE DEVIL WAS THAT? I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE!



IN THE HALL, TURNER BLAMS INTO A GORGEOUS BRUNETTE CHICK CLAD ONLY IN A TOPCOAT OVER HER FRILLY EVENING GOWN...

JUST A MINUTE, SIS...WHAT'S THE TROUBLE? HOLY SMOKE, YOU'RE LANA LANE!

Y-YES, I AM... LET ME G-GO!



BUT HOW THE HECK CAN YOU BE HERE NOW, WHEN ONLY A MINUTE AGO YOU WERE IN THE TELEVISION STUDIO? I WASN'T TEN MILES FROM HERE?

IN THE STUDIO...I SWEAR IT!



I THINK YOU'D BETTER COME INTO MY STASH AND EXPLAIN THIS HASSLE, HON!

NO! LET ME ALONE! IT'S NONE OF YOUR B-BUSINESS!



I'M DAN TURNER, PRIVATE SNOOP, AND KILLERY IS ALWAYS MY BUSINESS! BUT I DIDN'T KILL NOCKY NELSON! ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I SAW ON A TELEVISION SET IN A FRIEND'S APARTMENT ACROSS THE HALL!

YOU MEAN SOME FEMALE IMPERSONATED YOU, AND CROAKED NELSON?

YES!

THEN YOU'RE IN THE CLEAR! YOUR FRIEND WILL ALIBI YOU! I C-CAN'T ASK HIM FOR AN ALIBI! IN THE FIRST PLACE, HE'S G-GONE! BESIDES, THE SCANDAL WOULD RUIN MY MOVIE CAREER!



YIPE! YOU WERE TRYSTING WITH A SWEETIE MINUS A CHAPERONE, HEY? THEN HE RAN OUT ON YOU...AND YOU SCRAMMED WHEN YOU SAW THE KILL VIA TELEVISION.

MUST YOU PUT IT SO BLUNTLY?

YOU'RE IN A BLUNT JACKPOT, KITTEN! TO NIX A MURDER RAP, YOU'LL HAVE TO CONFESS YOU WERE INDULGING IN NECKERY WITH A BOY FRIEND!

THERE MUST BE ANOTHER WAY! YOU'RE A DETECTIVE...TH-THINK OF SOMETHING TO SAVE ME!



HM-MM! WHAT'S PLENTY...IF IN IT FOR ME? YOU GET ME OUT OF THIS J-JAM! I'LL PAY YOU A LOT OF MONEY.

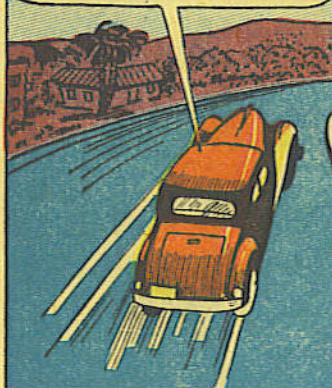
WELL...LET'S SEE! DO YOU KNOW ANY DAME WHO LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE YOU?

ONLY MY STUDIO STAND-IN, VICKI VARDEN! SOMETIMES SHE DOUBLES FOR ME IN LONG SHOTS!



**TURNER AND LANA
START FOR VICKI
VARDEN'S COTTAGE...**

**WE'LL CALL ON THE
VARDEN CUTIE...PRONTO!**



**TOUGH LUCK!! A COP
NABS THEM FOR
SPEEDING...**

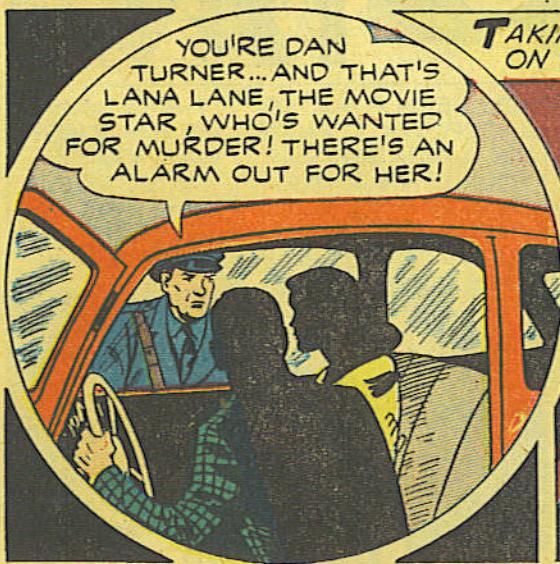


**...AND RECOGNIZES
LANA LANE!**

**WHERE'S THE FIRE, BUD?
SAY! I KNOW YOU...AND
THE JANE WITH YOU!**

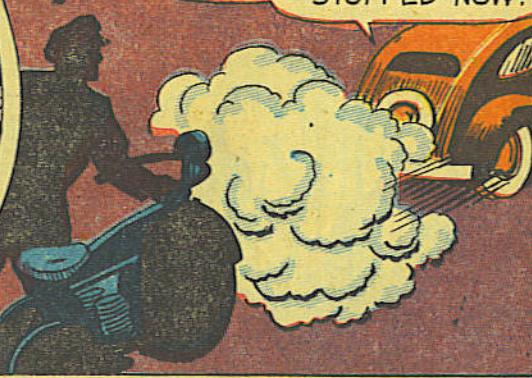


**YOU'RE DAN
TURNER...AND THAT'S
LANA LANE, THE MOVIE
STAR, WHO'S WANTED
FOR MURDER! THERE'S AN
ALARM OUT FOR HER!**



**TAKING A CHANCE, DAN TURNER STEPS
ON THE GAS AND SPEEDS OFF...**

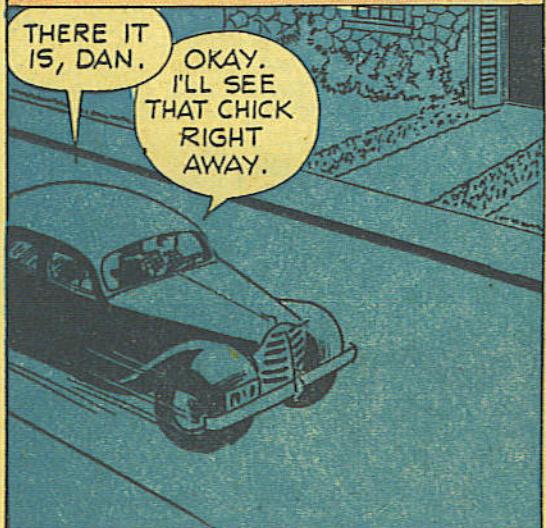
**! I'LL HAVE TO SQUARE THIS
WITH THE COPS LATER, BUT
WE CAN'T AFFORD TO BE
STOPPED NOW!**



THEY ARRIVE AT THEIR DESTINATION...

**THERE IT
IS, DAN.**

**OKAY.
I'LL SEE
THAT CHICK
RIGHT
AWAY.**



**A LITTLE LATER, TURNER LEAVES
LANA IN HIS COUPE AND THUMPS
VICKI VARDEN'S BUNGALOW DOOR...**

**ARE YOU
VICKI VARDEN?**

**NO... I'M BETTY,
HER SISTER.
VICKI ISN'T HOME!**



PARDON MY CURLY
TONSILS, TUTZ, BUT I
THINK I'LL CHECK UP
ON THAT STATEMENT!

HOW DARE
YOU!

TURNER PROWLS THE
LIVING ROOM...

I DARE BECAUSE I'VE
GOT THIS PRIVATE TIN...
WHICH MAKES ME SORT
OF A COP!

...THEN THE KITCHEN...

HMM... NO SIGN
OF VICKI HERE!

...AND THE BEDROOM!

SEE... I TOLD
YOU MY SISTER
WASN'T IN?

BUT DON'T I HEAR
WATER SPLASHING
IN THE BATHROOM
SHOWER?

EEEK!

AHH! VICKI VARDEN IN
PERSON! JUST AS I
THOUGHT!

GET OUT
OF HERE!
CAN'T YOU
SEE I'M
TAKING A
SHOWER?
I CAN'T SEE
ANYTHING,
TUTZ.
EXCEPT
FOR YOUR
GOLDEN
TRESSES, YOU'RE
A DEAD RINGER
FOR LANA LANE!

AND WHY
NOT? I'M
HER MOVIE
STAND-IN
AND DOUBLE!

I WONDER
IF YOU
DOUBLED
FOR HER IN
TONIGHT'S
MURDER?

VICKI'S PRIM SISTER
SPRINGS TO HER DEFENSE!

DON'T YOU DARE
ACCUSE VICKI OF
KILLING NOCKY
NELSON!

AND
WHY NOT,
KITTY?

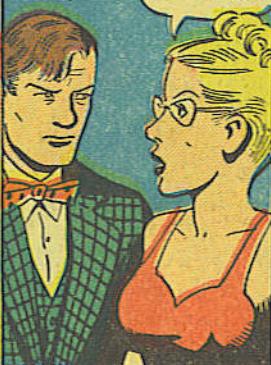
BECAUSE VICKI WAS NOWHERE NEAR THE TELEVISION STUDIO TONIGHT!

HOW DID YOU KNOW IT WAS NOCKY NELSON WHO GOT BUMPED? AND WHO TOLD YOU IT HAPPENED IN A TELEVISION STUDIO?

WHY, I-I... YOU COULDN'T HAVE SEEN IT ON A VIDEO SET, BECAUSE WHEN I FRISKED THIS STASH, I NOTICED YOU DIDN'T HAVE ONE!

IN FACT, YOU HAVEN'T EVEN GOT A RADIO! SO YOU COULDN'T HAVE HEARD A NEWS BROADCAST!

BUT... BUT I...

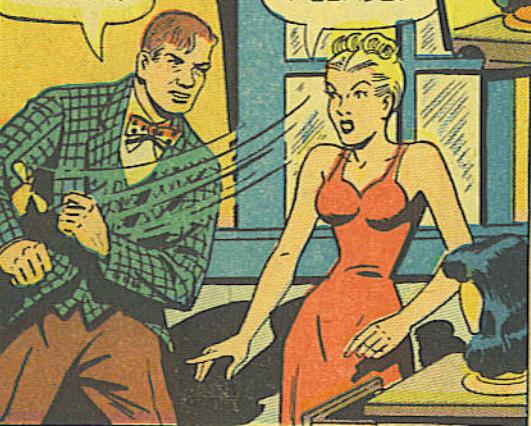


WITHOUT YOUR CHEATERS, YOU'RE A DEAD RINGER FOR YOUR SISTER VICKI! ALMOST LIKE A TWIN!!

OH-H-H... PLEASE!

AND WITH THIS BLACK WIG YOUR SISTER USES WHEN SHE DOUBLES FOR LANA LANE, YOU'RE A PERFECT LANA LANE DOUBLE YOURSELF!

NO... NO! DON'T!



MOREOVER, I'LL BET A DERMAL NITRATE TEST WILL PROVE YOUR HAND DISCHARGED A FIREARM RECENTLY! IN OTHER WORDS, YOU TRIGGERED A GAT!

DAMN YOU, SNOOP!

BETTY BREAKS FREE AND GRABS A ROSCOE FROM THE BUREAU...

OKAY... SO I KILLED NOCKY NELSON! HE DESERVED TO DIE... SO I TRIED TO FRAME LANA LANE! HE MADE LOVE TO ME AND REFUSED TO MARRY ME!

BETTY!!



BUT WHY MAKE
LANA LANE
TAKE THE RAP? SHE WAS THE BEST
WAY FOR ME TO
AVOID SUSPICION!
NOW I'M GOING TO
SHOOT YOU SO YOU'LL
NEVER SQUEAL!

THEN...

BANG!

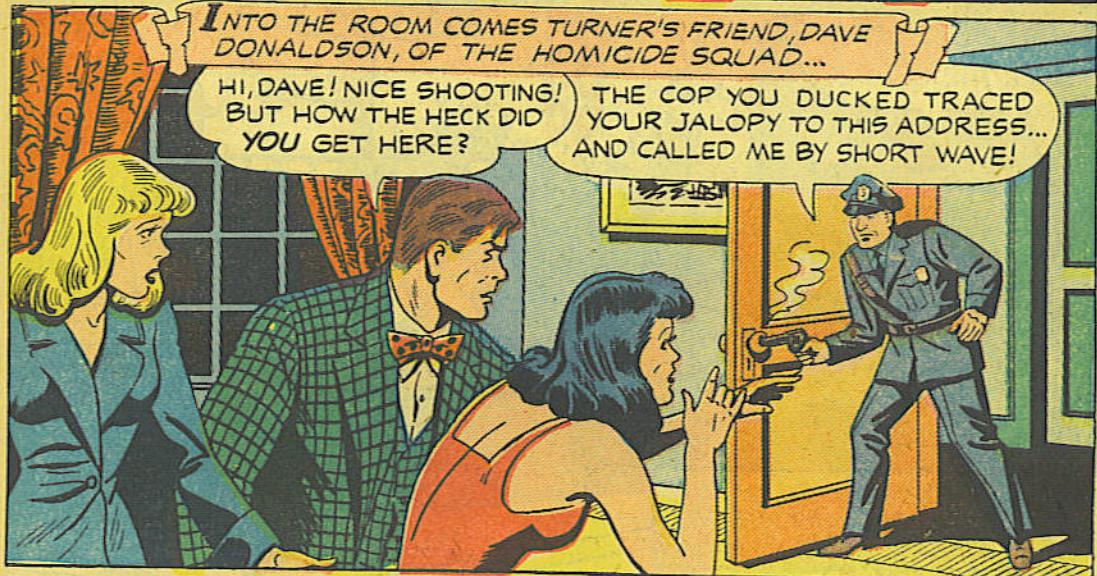
OW!



INTO THE ROOM COMES TURNER'S FRIEND, DAVE
DONALDSON, OF THE HOMICIDE SQUAD...

HI, DAVE! NICE SHOOTING!
BUT HOW THE HECK DID
YOU GET HERE?

THE COP YOU DUCKED TRACED
YOUR JALOPY TO THIS ADDRESS...
AND CALLED ME BY SHORT WAVE!



I HEARD THIS DAME'S CONFESSON...
THANKS FOR BREAKING THE CASE,
SHERLOCK! I'LL RELEASE
LANA LANE RIGHT AWAY!

YEAH...



SO I COLLECTED MY PROMISED
FEE FROM LANA... AND SPENT
SOME PLEASANT HOURS COMFORTING
VICKI! IT'S NICE WORK IF
YOU CAN GET IT!



GAIL FORD

by Gene Leslie

EARLY ONE MORNING, PASSERS-BY RECOIL FROM A TERRIFYING SIGHT IN THE SHOW-WINDOW OF HART'S HUGE DEPARTMENT STORE. A FIGURE AMONG THE MANNEKINS DOES NOT BELONG THERE -- IT IS THE CORPSE OF A BEAUTIFUL GIRL. THEIR SPINES ARE CHILLED TO SEE "DEATH ON DISPLAY"

GIRL FRIDAY

HART'S



INSPECTOR MADISON, OF THE HOMICIDE DIVISION, SOON ARRIVES ON THE SCENE...

WE KNOW THE GIRL WAS STRANGLED SOME TIME LAST NIGHT AND PUT IN THE SHOW WINDOW. NOW, WHO IS SHE?

I'M GEORGE FINCH, CONTROLLER OF THE STORE. SHE'S -- OR WAS -- LYDIA ADAMS, MY SECRETARY... SHE WAS WORKING LATE LAST NIGHT, AND WE FOUND HER LIKE THIS IN THE MORNING.

- AND WHO ARE YOU?

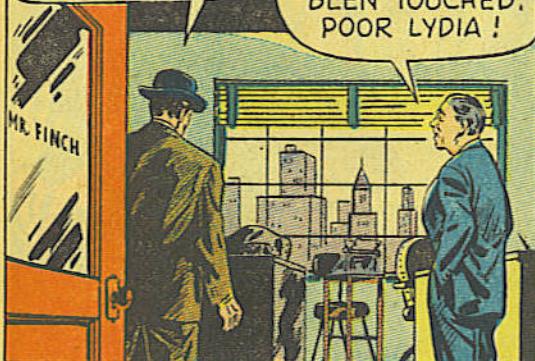
MARK BELDEN, THE WINDOW DESIGNER, I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS -- A MANIAC MUST HAVE DONE IT.



THE INSPECTOR AND FINCH GO TO FINCH'S THIRD FLOOR OFFICE...

HARD TO SEE WHY ANYONE WOULD DO A THING LIKE THAT. THIS IS YOUR OFFICE-SHE WAS WORKING HERE?

YES. NOTHING'S BEEN TOUCHED. POOR LYDIA!



BACK IN HEADQUARTERS, MADSON CALLS ON GAIL FORD, HIS "GIRL FRIDAY"...

THE CASE HAS ME PUZZLED, GAIL. HOW ABOUT TAKING A JOB AS SALESGIRL FOR A WHILE?

-AND SNOOP AROUND HART'S. I GET YOU, INSPECTOR.



AND SO A NEW SALESGIRL GOES TO WORK AT THE BIG DEPARTMENT STORE...

-AND I'LL WANT IT DELIVERED.

YES, MADAM. I'LL SEND IT RIGHT DOWN TO OUR DELIVERY DEPARTMENT.



I'LL TRY TO STAY IN THE STORE TONIGHT AFTER CLOSING HOURS, AND SEE IF I SPOT ANYTHING--

CHUTE TO DELIVERY DEPT.
1ST FLOOR



THAT NIGHT, GAIL ROAMS THE STORE...

HIDING IN THE STOCK ROOM WAS EASY. NOW LET'S SEE WHAT I CAN DIG UP -



SUDDENLY, SHE IS ALERT...

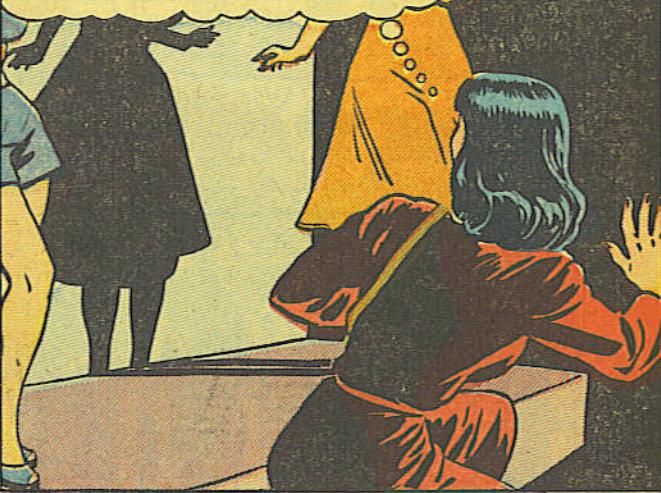
SOMEONE'S COMING -!



MAYBE IT'S THE WATCHMAN -
BUT MAYBE IT'S NOT, I DON'T
WANT TO TIP MY HAND YET -
BUT WHERE CAN I HIDE ?



HE'S COMING CLOSER ! THOSE
MANNEKINS - I'LL TRY IT -



SWIFTLY, GAIL STEPS UP ON THE
PLATFORM WITH THE DRESS DUMMIES...



HERE HE IS !
WILL HE SEE ME ?



WHEW ! HE PASSED RIGHT BY ! I DIDN'T
GET A LOOK AT HIM, THOUGH. I'LL
FOLLOW HIM, BUT I MUST BE CAREFUL -



GAIL CAUTIOUSLY SEARCHES FOR
THE NIGHT WALKER, BUT ...

NO LUCK. I'VE LOST HIM. BETTER
CALL IT A NIGHT AND LET MYSELF
OUT WITH MY SKELETON KEY -



BUT ON HER WAY, GAIL SEES...

A LIGHT IN FINCH'S OFFICE! I'D BETTER STICK AROUND—



LATER, GAIL ENTERS THE OFFICE...

WHOEVER IT WAS, HE WAS LOOKING PRETTY HARD FOR SOMETHING. THE PLACE IS TURNED UPSIDE DOWN!



THIS IS IT! LOOKED LIKE BLANK PAPER IN THE MACHINE, BUT IT'S ACTUALLY WRITTEN PAGES, FACE TO FACE! NOBODY THOUGHT TO LOOK AT THEM. THIS PINS IT ON —



WHOEVER HE IS—HE'S COMING OUT! THAT'S WHERE THE MURDERED GIRL WORKED. I'LL WAIT TILL HE'S GONE, THEN HAVE A LOOK AROUND...



HER SEARCH IS FRUITLESS, UNTIL...

HE WENT THROUGH EVERYTHING — EXCEPT THIS TYPEWRITER. THESE PAPERS WERE HERE THE DAY OF THE MURDER, THEY HAVEN'T BEEN TOUCHED. MAYBE --



OH! HE'S COMING BACK!

CLACK-
CLACK-
CLACK-



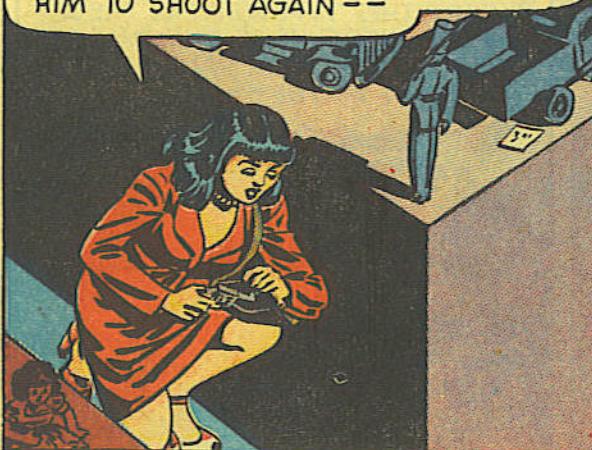
HE SEES ME!
HE'LL SHOOT!



MISSED!
THANK HEAVEN!



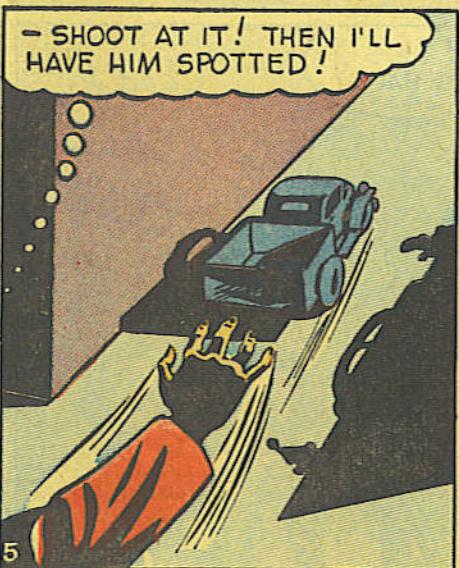
I'M NO SHARPSHOOTER, BUT I CAN USE
THIS THING! BUT IT'S DARK - I DON'T
KNOW WHERE HE IS! IF I COULD GET
HIM TO SHOOT AGAIN --



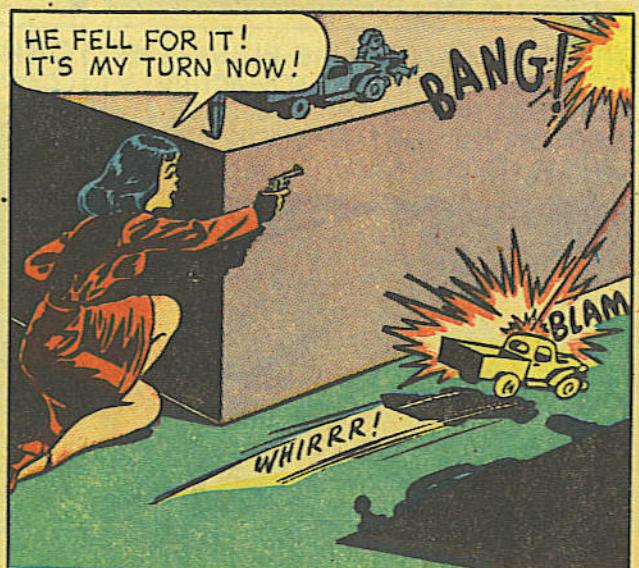
IT'S AN OLD TRICK, BUT MAYBE
IF I ROLL THIS TOY TRUCK ON
THE FLOOR, HE'LL -



- SHOOT AT IT! THEN I'LL
HAVE HIM SPOTTED!



HE FELL FOR IT!
IT'S MY TURN NOW!





GAIL PUSHES THE COAT-STAND OVER ONTO THE STARTLED FUGITIVE...



WE MEET AGAIN, MR. FINCH! AND I'VE GOT THE GOODS ON YOU IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE, I FOUND THE EVIDENCE YOU WERE LOOKING FOR IN YOUR OFFICE.



A PHONE CALL FROM THE WATCHMAN BRINGS MADSON TO THE STORE...



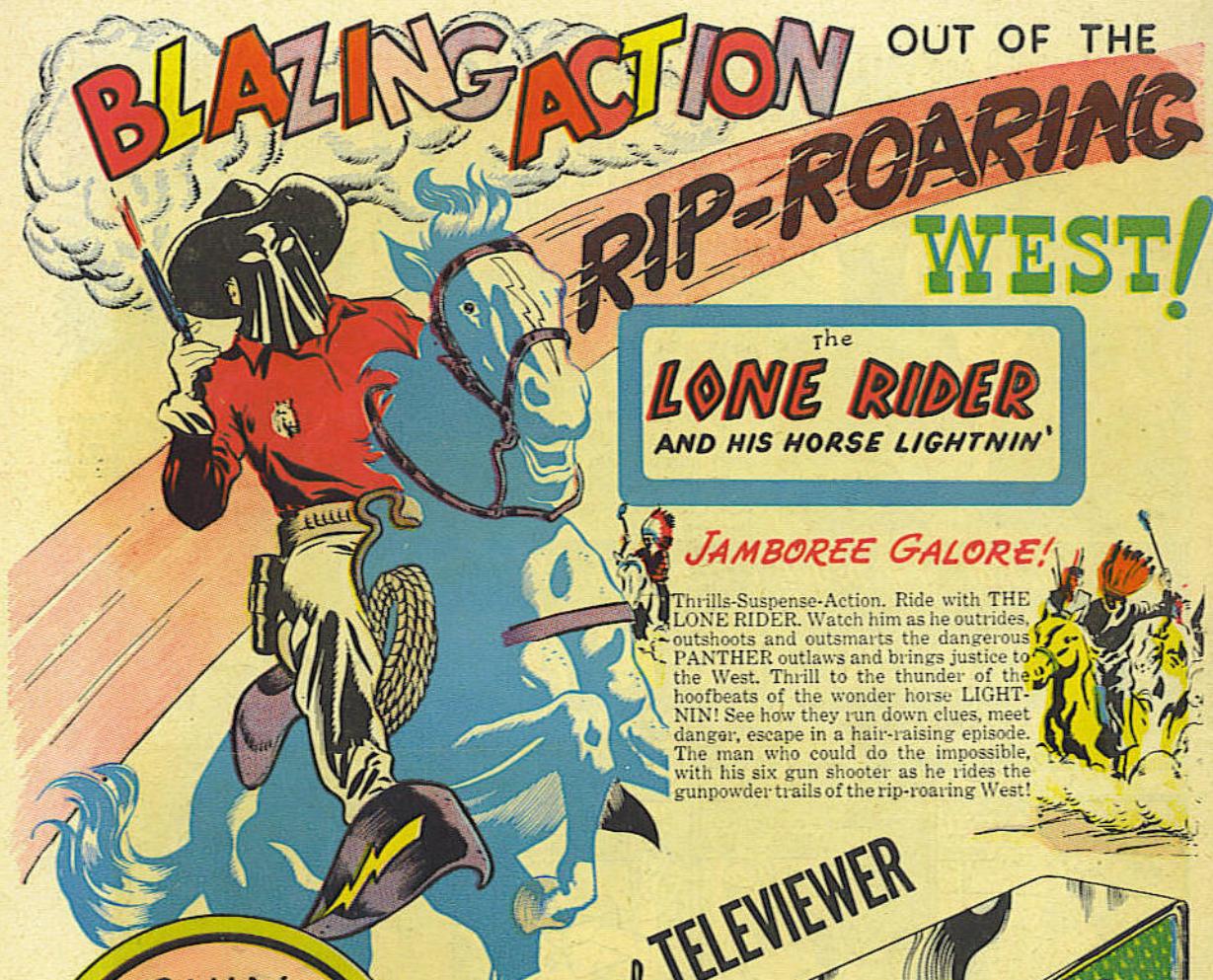
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LOOK AT SOME NICE COATS, SIR?

I'M NO BOOKKEEPER, INSPECTOR, BUT I FIGURE LYDIA MUST HAVE FOUND FINCH WAS JUGGLING THE FIGURES. WHEN SHE HEARD HIM COMING THAT NIGHT, SHE RIPPED OUT THE PAGES AND PUT THEM IN HER TYPEWRITER. FINCH KILLED HER, BUT COULDN'T FIND THE PAGES. HE CAME BACK TONIGHT TO LOOK AGAIN. GOSH!-I THOUGHT FOR A WHILE I'D WIND UP IN THE STORE WINDOW, TOO!



LOOK FOR GAIL'S NEW CASE NEXT ISSUE



The
LONE RIDER
AND HIS HORSE LIGHTNIN'

JAMBOREE GALORE!

Thrills-Suspense-Action. Ride with THE LONE RIDER. Watch him as he outrides, outshoots and outsmarts the dangerous PANTHER outlaws and brings justice to the West. Thrill to the thunder of the hoofbeats of the wonder horse LIGHTNIN! See how they run down clues, meet danger, escape in a hair-raising episode. The man who could do the impossible, with his six gun shooter as he rides the gunpowder trails of the rip-roaring West!



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nothing else to buy
a whole movie
outfit in itself!

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Ask for the
Televiewer &
many famous
comic characters
AT YOUR FAVOR-
ITE 5c & 10c or chain
TOY store. If your
dealer doesn't have it yet...
order direct.

HURRY — — MAIL TODAY

THE LONE RIDER
Box 352 New York 3, N. Y.

Please rush TELEVIEWER together with the film THE LONE RIDER, "TROUBLE IN TEXAS." I enclose 25c in coin and a 3c stamp for mailing.

Name
Address
City Zone State
Dept. III

BLAZING ACTION OUT OF THE RIP-ROARING WEST!



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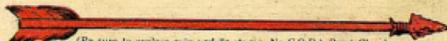
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